AN

EPISTLE in VERSE

TO A

FRIEND, &c.

(Price One Shilling.)

EPISTLE TO AVERSE

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AN

EPISTLE in VERSE

TO A

FRIEND,

IN

Imitation of the SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

First Book of *HORACE.*

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Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. II. LIB. I.

Ad LOLLIUM.

TRojani belli ſcriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneſte relegi:
Qui, quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim, niſi quid te detinet, audi.
Fabula, qua Paridis propter narratur amorem

AN EPISTLE in VERSE TO A FRIEND, &c.

WHILE You, perhaps, ſage *Littleton* explore,
Turning the learned, leaden Pages o'er;
Think me again tranſported to peruſe
The golden Rhapſodies of *Milton*'s Muſe,
Who ſhews us in his high ſeraphic Song
What juſt, what unjuſt, what is right, what wrong,
With Senſe, at leaſt, and Evidence as true,
As all our Judges of the Bench could do.
Why thus I think, (to ~~hurt~~ no Offence)
Give ear, and with your *Coke* a-while diſpence.

The Tale diſaſtrous you remember well,
How *Satan* tempted, and how *Adam* fell,
And how he taſted the forbidden Tree,
Seduc'd by Female Curioſity;
How thus our Paradiſe was loſt, and all
The Children ſuffer'd in the Parents Fall:
Nor be that other Song forgotten here
More moral, tho' leſs pleaſing to the Ear;
How in the Deſert wild, with Hunger ſpent,
Full forty Days our patient Saviour went,
Then, ſpurning back to Hell the wily Fiend,
Taught us on Heav'n, Heav'n only, to depend;
Hence Us redeem'd at our *Meſſiah*'s Coſt,
The Croſs regaining what the Apple loſt.
Thus, while I read our Epic Bard Divine,
My Mind, intent with Pleaſure uſe to join,
From either Poem this Inſtruction draws,
To truſt in God, and to obey God's Laws.

Enough of Sermon! I perceive you nod:
You think me mighty wiſe, and mighty odd:
Your Lips, I ſee, half verge upon a Smile——
Dear Sir! obſerve the *Horace* in my Stile.

Græcia Barbariæ lento colliſa duello,
Stultorum regum, & populorum continet æſtus.
Antenor cenſet belli præcidere cauſam.
Quid Paris? Ut ſalvus regnet, vivatq; beatus,
Cogi poſſe negat. Neſtor componere lites
Inter Peliden feſtinat & inter Atriden:
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumq;
Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atq; libidine, & ira,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur, & extra.

Rurſus quid virtus, & quid ſapientia poſſit,
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſem:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes

Et mores hominum inſpexit; latumq; per æquor,
Dum ſibi, dum ſociis reditum parat, aſpera multa
Pertulit, adverſis rerum immerſabilis undis.
Sirenum voces, & Circes pocula noſti:
Quæ ſi cum ſociis ſtultus cupiduſque bibiſſet;
Sub domina meretrice fuiſſet turpis & excors,
Vixiſſet canis immundus, vel amica luto ſus.

Nos numerus ſumus, & fruges conſumere nati,
Sponſi Penelopes, nebulones, Alcinoique
In cute curanda plus æquo operata juventus;
Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &
Ad ſtrepitum citharæ ceſſatum ducere curam.
Ut jugulent homines, ſurgunt de nocte latrones:

Juſt ſuch to *Lollius*, his young heedleſs Friend,
He knew with decent Liberty to ſend,
Beneath the Critique dextrous to convey
Advice conceal'd in the beſt-natur'd Way.
But You're no *Lollius* and no *Horace* I:
Here is no Room ſage Maxims to apply.
Would you not burſt out-right to hear me ſay ----
Satan, my *Friend*, may lead the beſt aſtray!
By Nature ill, by Habit worſe inclined,
Add Pride, add Envy, add the wilful Mind,
Still prone to diſobey, and to deceive,
All Men are *Adam*, and all Women *Eve*:
Thus bad, thus all corrupted, much, I fear,
Morality ſounds painful to the Ear.

The Dogs of Night, that murder and that ſteal,
Out-watch the Watchmen of the public Weal;
Fools that we are! leſs Labour to imploy
To ſave Ourſelves, than Villains to deſtroy!
Suppoſe your Body ſick, at any Price
You run to *Mead* or *Hollins* for Advice:
This for the Body; but ſuppoſe your Mind,
For that what *Mead* or *Hollins* will you find?

Riſe, Sluggard, riſe, and quit thy morning Bed,
E're yet *Aurora* lifts her roſy Head;
Go, think with *Locke*, go, reaſon with *Bruyere*;
Make honeſt Things and Studies all thy Care:
At Sight of Induſtry, Vice flies away,
As Spectres vaniſh at the Face of Day.
If aught, offenſive to the Eye, appear,
Not long you let the Object be too near;
What hurts the Mind, more patient to endure,
For Years together you delay the Cure:
Mean while the Time irrevocable flies:
Begin, and have the Spirit to be Wiſe:
Begin; nor do, as did the ruſtic Aſs,
Who ſtood, and waited, till the Stream ſhould paſs;
Fond Wretch! That Stream, you little ſeem to know,
Flows, as it flow'd, and will for ever flow.

A good Eſtate, a Town-houſe, and a Seat,
The Grounds, the Garden, and the Park compleat,
With each domeſtic Bleſſing in a Wife,
Theſe are the Joys! the Blandiſhments of Life!
Well! Grant all theſe by Heav'n's Indulgence ſent;
They 're not the Total of one Word, Content.

Not

Ut teipſum ſerves, non expergiſceris? atqui
Si noles ſanus, curres hydropicus: & ni
Poſces ante diem librum cum lumine, ſi non
Contendes animum ſtudiis & rebus honeſtis;
Invidia vel amore vigil torquebere. nam cur,
Quæ lædunt oculos, feſtinas demere; ſi quid
Eſt animum, differs curandi tempus in annum?
Dimidium facti qui cœpit habet. ſapere aude:
Incipe. vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Ruſticus exſpectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Quæritur argentum, puerique beata creandis
Uxor; & incultæ pacantur vomere ſilvæ.

Quod

Quod ſatis eſt, cui contingit, nihil amplius optet.
Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas. valeat poſſeſſor oportet,
Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.
Qui cupit aut metuit; juvat illum ſic domus,
& res,
Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagram,
Auriculas citharæ collecta ſorde dolentes.
Sincerum eſt niſi vas; quodcunq; infundis,
aceſcit.
Sperne voluptates: nocet emta dolore voluptas.
Semper avarus eget: certum voto pete finem.
Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis:
Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni

Majus

Not all the Gems that blaze beneath the Line,
Not all the Gold in the *Peruvian* Mine
Can cure a Fever, or One Care expell:
Poſſeſſions make not the Poſſeſſor well.
The Man, who lives in hope, or lives in fear,
In naught he has can feel the Joy ſincere:
Sooner ſhall *Handel* give the Deaf Delight,
And *Raphael*'s Pencil charm the Blind to Sight.

Firſt cleanſe the Veſſel, e're the Wine you pour;
'Twill elſe be Vinegar, and Wine no more:
Obvious to Senſe the Allegory lies:
Would you be happy? Be but only Wiſe.

Reject the Pleaſures of the Senſe: they're vain:
Each Hour of Pleaſure has its Hour of Pain.

Bound thy mad Wiſhes: fix on Something ſure:
The Harpy Avarice was ever poor.

May none but Villains be with Envy curſt!
Of all the Vices, 'tis the Vice the Worſt.
Scarce all the Tortures of the Damn'd in Hell
The Pangs of wretched Envy can excell.

Sore ſhall He ſmart, and moſt ſeverely pay,
Who lets his Paſſion o'er his Reaſon ſway.

Oft, to his Scorn, shall his ungaurded Rage
Act o'er the Part of *Cassius* on the Stage,
Reprove his Friend, upbraid, insult, resent,
Talk like one wild, grow sorry, and repent!
O! if you'd live in gentle Peace with all,
Subdue the boiling Fury of thy Gall!
O early wise! its growing Force restrain:
Like the Steed, curb it; like the Lion, chain.
Youth, Youth's the Season for Instruction fit:
The Colt's young Neck is pliant to the Bit;
The young Hawk listens to the Master's Sound.
And Whelp, unlash'd, was never yet a Hound.
Now, Boy, 's the Time; my gentle Boy, draw nigh;
Come with thy blushing Front, and open Eye;
Now, while thy Breast is, as the Current, clear,
Uuruffled, unpolluted, and sincere;
Now fair and honest all thy Hours imploy:
For know, the Man is grafted on the Boy:
The Cask, once season'd, keeps the Odor long.
Adieu! thus ends my moralizing Song.
Abrupt I finish, my hard Task is o'er:
Forgive me, *Pope!* I'll imitate no more.

F I N I S.

Majus tormentum. qui non moderabitur iræ,
Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit & mens,
Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.
Ira furor brevis est. animum rege; qui nisi
paret,
Imperat: hunc frenis, hunc tu compesce catena.
Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magister
Ire viam, quam monstrat eques: venaticus,
ex quo
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aula,
Militat in silvis catulus. nunc adhibe puro
Pectore verba, puer; nunc te melioribus offer.
Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu. quod si cessas, aut strenuus anteis;
Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus insto.

FINIS.